

Orchestra, the Washington National Opera, and the Smithsonian Council for American Art. In New York City, Ms. Wolf served on the Rockefeller University Council and was a benefactor of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Finally, Mr. President, no description of Diane Wolf would be complete without recognizing the generosity of her spirit, the strength of her character, and the cheerful nature of her personality. She met everyone with a bright smile, and very often she humbly and quietly lent a hand to others, asking nothing in return. She was respected by Members of Congress and their staff, not only for her knowledge and advice, but also for her genuine friendliness, gracefulness, and humor. She was much admired and appreciated by everyone in the Capitol community, including secretaries, doorkeepers, elevator operators, and Capitol Police alike.

Diane Wolf will be missed. I join my Senate colleagues in conveying to her family deepest condolences, and with great respect repeat here the words of Adon 'Olam, one of the most familiar hymns in all of Jewish liturgy:

ADON 'OLAM

The Lord of all, who reigned supreme Ere first Creation's form was framed; When all was finished by His will His Name Almighty was proclaimed.

When this our world shall be no more, In majesty He still shall reign, Who was, who is, who will for aye In endless glory still remain.

Alone is He, beyond compare, Without division or ally; Without initial date or end, Omnipotent He rules on high.

He is my God and Savior too, To whom I turn in sorrow's hour—My banner proud, my refuge sure—Who hears and answers with His power.

Then in His hand myself I lay, And trusting, sleep; and wake with cheer; My soul and body are His care; The Lord doth guard, I have no fear!

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President I ask unanimous consent that my following statement appear in the RECORD as if read contemporaneous with consideration of the resolution honoring the life of Diane Wolf.

The Senate was deeply saddened by the sudden loss of Diane. Her passion for art and philanthropy lead her to devote her considerable talents to the service of countless organizations and causes. Diane was an attorney, teacher, and civic leader. Much of her work was dedicated to the preservation of the very building in which we meet.

My wife, Catherine, and I worked closely with Diane on her efforts to preserve and restore the U.S. Capitol. Diane was passionate about the Capitol's history and symbolism. She enjoyed the pomp and circumstance of the Presidential inauguration and the annual tradition of the President's State of the Union Address. Her contributions as a member of the board of trustees of the U.S. Senate Preservation Commission were invaluable. It was her support and guidance that led to the development of the commemorative coins which marked the bicentennial of the U.S. Capitol.

President Reagan appointed Diane to the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts in 1985. Her father, Erving, says Diane considered that appointment as a full-time job. Diane demanded high quality in all endeavors. She believed a thing worth doing is worth doing well.

During her tenure on the Commission she strongly advocated redesigning our coins to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights and update the Presidential portraits. She believed that American coinage could recapture our imagination and become highly prized by collectors. This is just one example of how Diane used her creativity, intelligence, and boundless energy to promote art in America.

Her vision has been realized in recent years, as the Mint produced new designs for the quarter with images representing each of the 50 States.

Diane's energy and passion for public service will be missed. The institutions she served and the lives she touched benefitted greatly from her dedication, generosity, and lively spirit.

Catherine and I are fortunate to know Diane's wonderful family. She cherished her relationships with her parents, Erving and Joyce, and her brothers Daniel and Matthew. Our thoughts and prayers are with them and their loved ones.

#### WELCOMING SENATOR ROGER WICKER

Mr. REID. Mr. President, we said farewell last year to our friend, Senator Lott. Today, we welcome his successor, ROGER WICKER.

Senator WICKER is no stranger to Washington, DC, having served the people of Mississippi's First Congressional District since 1995.

In the House, he served as the Republican deputy whip, and he served on his party's policy committee for some 6 years.

His distinguished history in the U.S. Air Force has informed his advocacy on behalf of veterans health care and pensions, as well as military construction projects throughout the world. He has also been a strong supporter of health care research and has received numerous awards for his advocacy in this regard.

His background and expertise on these and other issues will surely make him a welcome addition to our Senate. So on behalf of all Democratic Senators, I extend my congratulations to him.

#### DEMOCRATIC STAFF CHANGES

Mr. REID. Mr. President, it is good to be back in the Senate. The past 4½ weeks have been very pleasurable for me. Since I have been the Democratic leader—which has now been for 3 years—it was the longest period of time I have been able to spend at home, and it was a great experience for me. Every day I was able to spend it in my home in Searchlight.

Searchlight, even though it is 60 miles from Las Vegas, is much different in temperature. It rains twice as

much—not a lot but 8 inches a year compared to 4 inches in Las Vegas—but it is much colder. It is 3,600 feet high. It has had a number of days in the recent past where the temperature has been 8 degrees. That is the lowest it has ever been, but it has hit that low degree on a number of occasions. This trip home, the lowest it got was 18 degrees, but that was on the same occasion when we had 40-mile-an-hour winds, so it was bitter cold.

But that is one reason I so love Searchlight. The air is pristine and clean and pure. It is refreshing for me to be able to go home. Out my window, on one side of the house, I have set up two little ceramic water dishes, and water comes on there four times a day. Those little animals have it made.

Even though it is wintertime, the quail still come and need a drink of water now and then. If you are lucky, you see a coyote—which I saw on a couple of occasions. As wily and as elusive as they are, you still see them out wandering around—and all kinds of different birds of different hues and colors.

It may not be very exciting to most people, but for me, one of the exciting events of my trip home was the opportunity to see an animal you rarely see. My wife and I were working in a little study I have there, and we heard three distinct knocks. We didn't know what it was. We got up and looked out the front door—nothing there; we looked out the back—nothing there. I went back to work and a minute or two later my wife says: Get down here. Hurry. So we go to these windows, some picture windows, two large rectangular windows that look out on the area where the ceramic dishes are, and there was a bobcat. For those of us who live in the desert, seeing a bobcat is really almost akin to seeing the Abominable Snowman. Rarely does anyone see a bobcat. They do most of their hunting at night. They are very secretive in everything they do. But this afternoon, this bobcat was there drinking water, very thirsty. I had never seen a bobcat before. Having been born there, raised there, I had never seen a bobcat before. This little animal finished its water, was walking around, saw me in the window and, boy, that little animal hit that window. It was after me and whatever it could see through that window. That was the knock on our window the four times. We have these shutters that when we are not there are down so you cannot see in the house. On this day, the shutters were up and he was looking around and saw inside and he wanted to nose around a little bit and he couldn't do that. Similar to all animals when they are frightened, they jump to protect themselves. Fortunately, even though the animal weighs about 30 pounds, he would have at least took a bite or two out of me. It was great to see. Finally, I got to see a bobcat, but enough of my travel log.